Sacellum Apollinare.

A

Funeral POEM

TO THE

MEMORY

OF THAT

Great Patriot & Statesman,

GEORGE,

LATE

Marquiss of Hallifax.

———*Sapiens dominabitur Astris.*

LONDON,

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A

Funeral POEM, &c.

AS HEAV'N it Self's on *Empire*'s Axis roll'd,
(For *God-Head*'s but *Dominion* Uncontroul'd;)
So the *Crown'd Head*, the Sublunary *JOVE*,
Does, in his Royal *Orb* of *Glory*, move;
With all his *Bolts of Fate*, in his High Poſt
Of *Sovereign Pow'r*, the Weilded *Thunder* boaſt.
But, in the Higheſt tow'ring Flight of KINGS,
'Tis the Great *Stateſman* plumes their *Eagles* Wings;
They Move the Great MACHINE, *He* Sets the *Springs*.
And thus, whilſt Pregnant EMPIRE's *Labouring Head*
With ſome vaſt *Off-ſpring* Teems; the *Stateſman*'s Aid,
To bring the Fair Divine *Minerva* Forth,
Is call'd the Great *Lucina* to the *Birth*.
Wiſdom and *Counſel!* 'Tis their Min'iſtring Ray,
Thoſe Bright CROWN-*Genij*, Cheer th' *Imperial Sway*:

The *Harmony* of WORLDS is only Theirs;
Empire but Guides, 'tis *They* that Tune the *Spheres*:
Counſel, in Church or State, the *Warmth*, by Whom
Aaron's and *Moſes*'s Budding *Wands* both Bloom:
Thus MONARCHY, what, tho' She Reigns *Alone*,
'Tis by her *Argus*-Eyes She Guards her Throne:
Her *Lights* an Hundred, tho' her *Hand*'s but One.

Of thoſe Rich *Lights*, Great *HALLIFAX* ſhin'd there;
In *Powr's* whole *Conſtellation*, None more Fair:
In *Calms* or *Storms*, in every varying *Gale*,
The Furl'd, the Hoyſted, or the Slacken'd *Sayl*;
The *Helm* to Manage, or the *Mates* to Cheer,
No *Pilot*-Hand cou'd ever Worthier *Steer*:
TRUST, the Magnetick *Load ſtar* of his Soul;
And FAITH, and ZEAL, his *Needles* to the *Pole*.

The Studied *World* was his Long *Theam*, and All
The *Politick Movements* of the Mighty *Ball*:

Yes,

Yes, the *Old World* He had Fathom'd o're and o're;
Nay, had there been yet *Unknown Globes* t' explore,
To give that *Head*, that *Reach*, thoſe *Depths*, their Due,
He had ſtood a Fair *Columbus*, for the *New*.

In SENATES, There, with all his *Brighteſt Beams*,
Not *Michael*, to th' Embattl'd *Seraphims*,
A Mightier *Leading* CHIEF: Oraculous *Senſe!*
Victorious *Right!* Amazing *Eloquence!*
All from that Cleareſt *Organ* ſweetly Sung:
From that bold ENGLISH *CICERO*'s Silver Tongue,
VVell might Great TRUTH, and Genuine *Juſtice* flow;
For *He* Lookt *Upward*, when *He* Talkt *Below*:
Up to *ASTRÆA*, Heav'ns tranſlated *Pride*,
Her Righteous *Ballance* his Great *Standard* Guide.

In Redreſs'd *Wrongs*, and Succour'd *Rights APPEAL*,
No Hand, in the *Judiciary Scale*,
More VVeigh'd and Pois'd, than *HALLIFAX* alone;
Ev'n *Half* the Great *Tribunal*, was his Own.

But, in that more Exalted *Patriot*-Cauſe,
The Moulding of thoſe *Stamps Imperial*, LAWS;
Then, when the whole *Divinity* of *Pow'r*,
In her *Collective Strength*, that Lab'ring Hour,
In her All-wiſe Conſulting *Providence*,
Sits, ſome New Fair *Creations* to Commence;
In that *High VVork*, for the Great *FIAT* Fixt,
No Hand like *His*, the Sovereign ELEMENTS Mixt.

This Fam'd GAMALIEL, in the Great *State-Schools*,
Thus by unerring PRUDENCE Sacred Rules,
No wonder, on that *Card'nal Hinge* He mov'd;
In *Pow'r-Craft* Skill'd, that Bold *Arts-Maſter* prov'd:
The Great *Performing Part* He had Study'd thro',
And no leſs Learnt the Greater *Duty* too.
The *Publick* Spirit, and the *Active Soul*,
More Lively *VVarmth*, than e're *Prometheus* ſtole,
Thoſe *Champions* both of *Earth* and *Heav'n*'s Juſt Right,
Bound by their Great *Indenture Tripartite*,

Their

Their equally divided **FAITH** muſt bring,
Betwixt their GOD, their *Country*, and their *King*.

In *Pow'r* and *Truſt*, thro' his whole Life's long Scene,
Never did *Honour* wear a Hand more *Clean:*
He from the *Iſrael Prophet's* Copy drew;
The Suppliant *Naaman* for his Grace might ſue.
Diſtreſs, 'tis true, his Succour ne'r cou'd lack ——
But then her *Laded Chariots* muſt go Back.
No *Syrian Bribe* was on his Shoulders worn;
That *Tainted Robe* ſuch **TRUTH** and **VIRTUE** ſcorn.
Thus, like the *Eden Pair*, Why is *Truth* drawn
A *Naked Beauty*, in Tranſparent Lawn?
Yes, 'till her *Innocence*, for Imp'ious *Gold*,
That Tempting, Falſe *Heſperian Apple*, Sold;
'Tis from that *Fall*, Original *Bluſhes* came;
'Twas *Then* She wanted *Fig-Leaves* for her Shame.
A *Bribe!* That moſt loath'd *Thought*! Ev'n his whole *Roof*,
His humbleſt *Menials*, that Temptation-Proof,

(So

(So Fair their Leading LORD's *Example* ſtands)
Oblig'd with Frank *Full* Hearts, but *Empty* Hands.
His *Favours* in that *Generous Current* run,
As *Providence* vouchſafes Her *Rain* and *Sun.*
His *Favours* Cheaper ev'n than *Heav'n*'s confer'd:
For, though, like *Heav'n*, th' Imploring *Pray'r* He heard;
Yet no *Thanksgiving Offerings* Return'd:
To His Kind GRACE, no *Gumms* nor *Incenſe* burn'd.
Ay, and 'twas Nobly Brave! What can more high,
Than an *Unmercinary Greatneſs* fly?
If ought his *Obligations* muſt Defray,
He rather choſe that *Heav'n*, than *Man* ſhould Pay:
Yes, with a Fair *Ambition*, Juſt *Diſdain*,
Scorn'd leſs than *JOVE*, his *Golden Show'rs* ſhou'd Rain.
And well ſo High, that *Fair Ambition* tow'r'd;
For *HALLIFAX* ſo *Scorn'd*, and *JOVE* ſo *Show'r'd:*
Whil'ſt that vaſt *Affluence* Warm'd his *Fruitful Soyl*,
Till his *Rich Glebe*, and *Loaded Harveſt* Pile,
With that *Increaſe*, that *Milky Canaan* flow'd:
Proſperity thus Reap'd, where *Virtue* Sow'd.

NATURE

NATURE & FORTUNE, *Here*, both *Rivals* join'd,
Which to their darling *HALLIFAX*, more Kind,
Should heap the Ampler *Maſs*: *Nature* her more
Refin'd, and *Fortune* in her *Courſer Oar*.
The *World* but Smil'd, where *Heav'n* had Smil'd before.
Great Bleſſings, when by *Greater MERIT* ſhar'd,
(Not Providence's *Gift*, but her *Reward*,)
Are all *Heav'n*'s Faireſt *Blazon*, Nobleſt *Pride*;
Th' *Eternal* DISPENSATION *Juſtify'd*.
The *Righteous Diſtribution* ought no leſs:
So Great 'tis to *Deſerve*, and then *Poſſeſs*.

Nor in Proud *Courts*, nor *States* alone, that Great
Dictator; Ev'n in the DESPOTIC *Seat*,
In His own narrower *Domeſtic Sway*,
His *Houſhold* Sweet *Penates* deckt ſo Gay;
To VICE, like *Hannibal* to *Rome*, that ſworn
Eternal *Foe*; and VIRTUE's *Champion* born:
To his own *Filial Nurſery*, ſo Kind
A FATHER, with thoſe *Leading Lights*, He ſhin'd:

HONOUR, ſo Lovely by that *Pencil* drawn,
The Early *Phoſphor* to their *Morning Dawn:*
So Fam'd his equally *Paternal Care*,
T' Inſtruct the *Great*, and to Adorn the * *Fair.*
Thus BEAUTY's *Toilet* ſpread ſo all Divine,
Her *Cabinet Jems* ſo Furniſht from That MINE;
The *Virgin*, and the *Bridal Coronet*,
Were, by Kind *HALLIFAX*, ſo richly Set;
VIRTUE and INNOCENCE at that full View,
As ev'n th' Original *Eden Lanſchape* drew:
All her whole *Hierarchy* of *Graces*; not
One leaſt Enamell'd *Heav'nly Spark* forgot;
Each *Star* in the whole *Feminine Renown*,
From *Caſſiopœa's* CHAIR, to *Ariadne's* CROWN.

* *His Advice to a Daughter.*

In the Rich *Furniture* of that Fair MIND,
Thoſe dazling *Intellectual Graces* ſhin'd,
To draw the *Love* and *Homage* of Mankind;
Nothing cou'd more than his firm FRIENDSHIP *Charm:*
Cheerful, as *Bridal*-Songs; as *South*-Suns, *Warm*;

And

And *Fixt*, as *Northern*-Stars: When e're He daign'd
The Solemn Honour of his *Plighted Hand*,
He ſtood a more than Second *Pylades*;
Unſhaken, as *Immutable* DECREES.

But, whilſt theſe vaſt *Perfections* I Recount,
The *Heights* to which thoſe Soaring *Glories* mount:
My *Muſe* thus rapt into that *Cheerful Sphear*;
Is This her *Wailing* Dirge? her *Funeral Tear*?
For his *Sad* DEATH, to Draw his *Glorious* LIFE!
Paint *Lights* for *Shades*, and *Ecſtacies* for *Grief*!
Are Theſe the *Melancholy Rites* She brings,
Fit *Ayrs* to Tune the *Mournful Theme* She ſings!
Yes, the *True Mourner*'s in th' *Hiſtorian* Play'd:
What's Preſent *Grief*, but Paſt *Delight* Diſplay'd?
Counting what once was *Ours*, we need no more:
To Sum th' *Enjoyment*, does the *Loſs* Deplore.

Beſides, What's all our Sable *Cavalcade*,
To the Great DEAD, our Darkeſt *Funeral Shade*?

T' Illu-

T' Illuſtrious *Virtue*, Grief's an *Eaſy* Debt;
Her Glorious *Amulet* but *Cheaply* Set:
She finds the *Diamond*, and *We* the *Jet.*

When *Learning*, *Wiſdom*, *Eloquence*, Expire,
And the *Great* SOULS, (Sparks of *Celeſtial Fire*)
Back to Their *Elemental Sourſe* Retire:
To ſuch *Rich* DUST, in vain we *Pyramids* Rear;
For *Mauſolæum's* are but *Pageants* there.
What's a poor Short-liv'd Pile of *Crumbling Earth*,
A *Mould'ring* Tomb, t' *Apollinary* WORTH?
Worth, that ſo far from ſuch a *Narrow Bound*,
Spreads a *Large Field!* Moves th' *Univerſal Round!*
Fills every *Tongue!* Thus, what no *Urn* contains,
The *World's* the *Caſket* to thoſe *Great* REMAINS.

Nor let *Poetick Vanity* Rehearſe
Her *Boaſted* Dreams, Her *Miracles* of VERSE:
Think, in ſome poor *Recorded* EPITAPH,
That Shallow Page of *Braſs*, or *Marble Leaf*;

Or,

Or, in ſome more *Voluminous Folio* Pile,
A *Davideis*, or *Arthur*'s Sweating Toil,
Some Sacred WORTHY's *Deathleſs Fame* t' Enſtal;
Rais'd by her *Lyres*, like the Old *Theban Wall.*
No; when *Great* NAMES ne'r Dye; That *Work* alone,
Is all a Fair *Creation* of Their *Own.*
True GLORY Shines by her *Own* Lighted *Beam:*
'Tis not the *Muſe*'s *Song*, but *Muſe*'s THEAM.

When in Great *HALLIFAX*, WIT's *Pantheon* fell;
And *Death* now huſht that Silenc'd ORACLE;
From Fair *Eliza*'s Hallow'd * *Helicon*-Walls,
Methinks, I hear a Fatal *Summon* calls:
When, lo! the *Delphick* * SEER, that *Reverend Bard*
Of Sacred *Literature*'s rich *Fount*, prepar'd
Th' Expiring *HALLIFAX*, in *Death* to wait.——
No leſs Attendant on his *Funeral State*,
Fate to that ever *Honour'd* HEAD cou'd owe:
LEARNING it ſelf muſt ſhake, at ſuch a *Blow.*

* *Weſtminſter-School.*

* Dr. Buſby, *who Dy'd the ſame Day.*

But, tho' with all this *Mine* of *Learning* ſtor'd;
He *Liv'd*, and *Dy'd*, no Niggard of that *Hoard:*
Witneſs His own *Long* Pious *Founded* * *Piles*,
Where *Nurtur'd* ARTS, by His *Auſpicious* Smiles,
Tune their *Young Voices* to the *Muſe's* Song,
Nerv'd by his HAND to *Books*, and *Virtue*, ſtrong.

* *His Free School Foundations.*

Thus, as th' Old *Iſrael Patriarch*, to his once
Illuſtrious *Twelve*, HE to His *Hundred* Sons,
His *Fruitful* CHARITY's Adopted *Race*,
(With all his Tendereſt *Diffuſive Grace*,)
Doals, with a True *Paternal Glory* crown'd,
His *Living* and His *Dying* Bleſſings round.
Yes, from that *Hand*, this *Scatter'd Bread* muſt fall:
He Furniſhes thoſe *Numerous Pencils*, all
To *Copy* from *His* Great *Original*:
Reſolv'd, if poſſible, Reſolv'd t' *Inſpire*,
To this *Young Nurſery*, His *Cheriſht Choire*,
His own Rich *Soul*, their *Tranſmigrated Fire.*

But, why (if 'tis not a too *Bold Offence*,
To dare *Expoſtu'late* with OMNIPOTENCE,)
Why ſhould Prodigious *Worth*, from th' *Orb* it warm'd,
Snatch'd from the *Soyl* it cheriſht, *Eyes* it charm'd,
From its *Deſerted Charge*, unkindly Fly,
Quit th' *Earth* it Bleſt, Impoveriſh *Worlds*, and Dye?
No, the Kind *Heav'ns*, in Mercy, to Rebate
That *Mighty Loſs*, the too keen *Edge* of *Fate*,
Have circled *Virtue* in a *Fence* ſo High,
As ſtands ſo Safe, it knows not how to Die;
But Founds its own Proud *Immortality*.
For, as ſome Lofty *Cedar*, long had ſtood
The *Land-mark* of the *Plain*, and *Glory* of the *Wood*;
Till the Dread *Voice* of *Fate*, *Heav'n*'s Angry *Blaſt*,
The *Bolt* of the Deſtroying *Thunder* caſt,
All the tall PRIDE lies *Fal'n*.---Yet ſtill ſome *Shoot*,
Some tender *Scyen* from the *Sacred* ROOT,
By' its *Nutrimental* PARENT-*Succours* fed
Springs, Growes, Spreads, Flouriſhes; till th' Uprear'd *Head*

Do's

Do's t' all its Great *Original* HEIGHTS improve,
A Second *Pearch* for the Fair *Bird* of *JOVE.*

So may Great *HALLIFAX Himself* Survive;
Thus *Fall*, and thus His *Deathless* Virtues *Live*:
LIVE in His *Fair* SUCCESSION, ever Blest;
Whilst *Honour* Builds its own *Rich PHŒNIX* Nest.

FINIS.